Cl._____ Bk._____

THE ETHEL CARR PEACOCK
MEMORIAL COLLECTION

Matris amori monumentum

TRINITY COLLEGE LIBRARY
DURHAM, N. C.
1903

Gift of Dr. and Mrs. Dred Peacock

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/mrsfrancesmbumpa00bump

Mrs. Frances M. Bumpass

Autobiography and Journal

THE ETHEL CARR PEACOCK

Matris amori monumentum.

READING ROOM

No. 5837

281.61
Bx 2

MRS. FRANCES M. BUMPASS.

MRS. FRANCES M. BUMPASS.

Autobiography and Journal.

COMPILED BY

MISS EUGENIA H. BUMPASS.

EDITED BY

MRS. F. A. BUTLER.

NASHVILLE, TENN.
PUBLISHING HOUSE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.
1899.

Pearce collection
920.7
B947B
P

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is genuine pleasure aside from any considerations of interest or affection in tracing the life and contemplating the character of one so eminently good and pure as Mrs. Frances M. Bumpass.

The little service, therefore, of reading the proof sheets of this small volume has been "counted all joy."

In the unstudied pages of her journal and autobiography an anxious search after the truth as it is in Jesus is constantly apparent, with such close scrunity of her own heart in its desires, purposes, and expectations—and all expressed in language of such quaint simplicity—that one is reminded of Carvosso, Hester Ann Rogers, or Kitty Trevelyan. Like those devoted Christians, her character "shines with heavenly luster."

The reader will see that Mrs. Bumpass made no compromises with her own soul; in her dealings with God she was honest, without mental reservations or illusions, and dared to look at Self with open eye; she solved the deep problems of life by *living* and *doing* the work nearest her hand, without striving to evade it or dreaming of something better. The better and best always came to her expectant

382154

soul. In the words of another, she was able to keep herself unspotted by the world; she could walk in white through the stained thoroughfares of men; she could touch the vile and polluted ones of earth and keep her garments pure; she could come in contact with the sinful, and herself remain undefiled.

It is a mistake to suppose that serenity and equipoise of mind are in proportion to the deficiency of will power. It is well known that those who exert the strongest force of will in ruling their own spirits or commanding others are the most tranquil, the most "obedient to the heavenly vision;" and those only who are longing and listening for such visions and voices are able to see and to hear at all times the call to duty.

Mrs. Bumpass was not a sentimentalist; she was an active doer of God's word, subjecting implicitly her own to his will and going straight forward in the path of life indicated by his providences. Sometimes her path was bounded on every side by perplexities, but with lifted heart and bended knee she still rejoiced, until, to her select spirit, "the shadows vanished in the Light of Light."

CONTENTS.

	Page
Introduction	3
Mrs. Frances Moore Webb Bumpass.	7
Autobiography	29
Extracts from Journal	40
Sketch by a Friend	64
Tribute of Mrs. Brooks	71
Tributes from Societies	77

382154

Mrs. Frances Moore Webb Bumpass.

BACK of every life there lie countless and varied ancestral traits and influences which go to make up the sum total of individual character. The appreciation of this fact led Dr. Holmes, when asked, "How early should the training of a child begin?" to make the wise and witty reply: "A hundred years before it is born." Recognizing the truth of this great principle, when we see a life of rare sweetness and loveliness crowning some long ancestral line, like the final burst of glorious bloom which attests the slow but rich growth through long years of the century plant, we instinctively desire to seek the hidden sources of such a consummation.

The writer of this sketch, in searching the genealogical table of the paternal ancestry of Mrs. Bumpass, was not surprised to find the following testimony from the compiler of the family history: "In this long and numerous line of ancestry I have found no one who has disgraced the high stand they have maintained in every community in which they have lived. I have not found one who

has been convicted of any crime involving moral turpitude. They have one and all been men of good character; honest, upright, sincere, and of undoubted integrity; and while they have not been seekers after office or position, their strong, independent minds have made them leaders of thought and action on all important questions involving the interests of the communities in which they have lived. As women they have been gentle, kind, and self-sacrificing. As wives, mothers, and sisters, loving and lovely, and ever looking well to the interests of their households."

This long and honorable ancestry traces its source to one Henry Webbe, of Dorset, a shire on the southern coast of Wales. This gentleman was a member of the household of Catharine Parr, last queen of Henry VIII., and mention of him is made in connection with some grants and privileges, under the hand and signet of Catherine, then Queen Regent, in 1544. The settlement of the family in this country is connected with the earliest colonial times. In 1640 to 1650 two Webb brothers came from Wales to settle in America. One of these, Christopher, settled at Baintree, Mass., and from him is descended the New England branch of the family, which has numbered among its members many distinguished individuals.

Another brother settled about the same time in Isle of Wight County, Va., and is the ancestor of the Southern branch of the family. It is to this branch that Isaac Webb, the father of Mrs. Bumpass, belonged.

On the maternal side the ancestry is equally honorable and noteworthy, but a complete record is not accessible to the writer. Robert Dickens, the founder of the family in this country, was a colonel in a cavalry regiment in the Continental Army. His eldest son, Jesse Dickens, married Frances Moore, a daughter of Gen. Stephen Moore, of Revolutionary fame, having come gallantly to the defense of his country when the Southern colonies were invaded by the British in 1779, and having been taken prisoner at the battle of Camden. From this union was born Harriet Dickens, the mother of the subject of this sketch.

Mrs. Bumpass, second child and eldest daughter of Isaac Webb and Harriet Webb (*née* Dickens), was born in Mecklenburg County, Va., September 26, 1819. In her early childhood her parents removed to Person County, N. C., and here, in the simple, wholesome atmosphere of the farm life of seventy years ago in the South, in the midst of a large and affectionate group of brothers and sisters, her childhood and young woman-

hood were passed. Though Virginia was the State of her birth, she has through a long and useful life been so identified with the religious, educational, and social life of the State of her adoption that from one end of North Carolina to the other her name is honored and revered as that of few women has been.

From her earliest years she breathed the atmosphere of refined, religious culture. Her home, with the hospitality of the time and section, was ever open to receive the faithful men of God, who as evangels of the gospel traveled through the land on their mission of love, and often tarried in this "preachers' home."

The family life in her home was almost ideal; and it could scarcely have been otherwise under the firm but tender guidance of such a father and mother. The latter was a woman of decided character and of great intelligence, having naturally a strong mind, disciplined by study, and well stored through much reading. Like the model woman of the Scriptures, she might have received the commendation: "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." She gave her daughters careful domestic training, and industry was one of the laws of the household.

The head of the family was one of the best of men. Christian grace illumined

his countenance, and it was said of him by one of the leading men of his day: "If there is any truth in the human face, Isaac Webb is a good man." He was a man deeply interested in the moral and intellectual welfare of his community, and was highly respected and trusted by his neighbors, to whom he was ever ready to extend a brotherly hand of sympathy and assistance. In those days of sparsely settled neighborhoods, when physicians were few in number and lived at great distances, it was not unusual for some man of good judgment to be applied to as a substitute for the doctor; and one of his daughter's most vivid recollections of her father is of his weighing out medicine with the little scales in use at that time for some friend or neighbor who, in committing his health if not his life for the time being into his hands, manifested extreme confidence in his good will and common sense. On the temperance question he was in advance of the sentiment of his day, for at a time when nearly every family of position kept the decanter on the sideboard and regarded it almost as a breach of hospitality not to offer liquor in some form to the visitors at the house, Mr. Webb said to his wife; "I fear some of our neighbors drop in a little oftener on account of the wine upon our sideboard and take more

than is best for them." From that time these Christian people banished the tempter from their home, thus obeying the grand Pauline principle: "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." Could such home influence fail to produce strong Christian character in the inmates of the household?

The excellent home training was further enforced by the frequent visits which Frances paid to her paternal grandmother, Mrs. Amy Webb, a godly woman whose chief desire and daily prayer was that her descendants, to the latest generation, might be saved. This prayer has been answered to a remarkable degree, and her posterity have been, so far as known, characterized by a high type of Christian living. The little Frances often sat by the bedside of the invalid grandmother, receiving instruction from her lips that made in the plastic nature of childhood deep and lasting impressions. Near the bed hung a scroll on which was printed this passage of Scripture: "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." Also the following little stanza:

"I'm not too young for God to see;
He knows my name and nature too,
And all day long he looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through."

Such thoughts made a profound influence upon the mind and heart of the child, and in speaking of her early life Mrs. Bumpass says: "I began early to seek religion, being impressed with its importance and its power to enable me to perform my life work aright." She was converted at a camp meeting in Person County at the age of fifteen, and her conversion was of that clear and definite nature so much insisted upon in the preaching of the early Methodists, whose doctrine of experimental religion has gone far to revolutionize the religious teaching of the world. Her own words with reference to her conversion are: "Realizing I was lost unless God saved me, I retired to an upper room to pray, in order to get assurance whether the change experienced was conversion. The distinct impression upon my mind was: 'God is my Father, and I am his child.'" Was not this clearly the witness of the Spirit, to which St. Paul refers when he says: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God?" "After such a clear manifestation," she says, "I should never have doubted my acceptance with God; and yet I did suffer the tempter to insinuate doubts into my mind, losing at times the perfect peace and joy which it is the privilege of God's children to enjoy."

Though she may have been troubled for a season, it was not in the nature of such earnest, sincere piety as hers to permit any cloud long to obscure from the eye of faith her precious Savior, and we find her soon recovering her crown of rejoicing and entering upon a calm, trustful, even Christian experience, which has been characteristic of her through life.

Soon after her conversion she was received into the Methodist Church by Rev. R. O. Burton, at Bethlehem, a church built mainly through the liberality of her father, about six miles east of Roxboro, Person County. It was not in accordance with her active, earnest spirit to remain idle in her Master's vineyard; and feeling, as she said, that God had some work for his child to do, she turned, as was her custom, to the duty nearest at hand. She gathered into a Sunday school the younger brothers and sisters in her home with the children of the neighborhood; she gave religious instruction also to the servants on her father's plantation.

In educational advantages she was as fortunate as in her home training, for her parents had a high appreciation of the importance of education in fitting one for the highest duties of life. According to the custom of the day, she attended pri-

vate, or family schools, it being before the era of colleges for girls or the agitation of the question of "higher education" for women. Yet the children of intelligent parents were not deprived of the opportunity for intellectual culture, as the well-stored and well-disciplined mind of the subject of our sketch fully attests. After the usual home instruction, she attended school in the family of her grandmother, under the instruction of Miss Caroline Patillo, a woman of fine culture and pronounced piety. Later she made her home with her aunts in Granville County, and attended school. Her last days in school were spent under the tutelage of Rev. D. G. Doak, a Presbyterian minister, in Orange County. Here, as a resident in his family, she enjoyed advantages of mental training and discipline which tended greatly to broaden her mind and develop analytical power which she regarded as of special value and helpfulness in the editorial work to which she was called in later life.

In all these schools she was under the best moral and intellectual influences, and being in the plastic, formative stage of youth, when the character is peculiarly sensitive to the impress of individual influence, she received from these instructors a bent of mind which must of necessity have contributed largely to the de-

velopment of that marked piety which has characterized every period of her life.

She began teaching soon after her own school days came to an end. Her life as a teacher, at this period, covered four years, and was spent wholly in Granville County, first in the family of her aunts, and later at the home of Mr. Nathaniel Daniel, near Oak Hill. She felt these to be years of improvement that strengthened her character and increased her desire to accomplish the life work appointed by the Master.

Thus glided away the happy, active season of girlhood and young womanhood. But that event which marks an epoch in woman's life, widening and deepening her happiness and influence if entered upon wisely and with a pure and holy love, was approaching to open to the young teacher a broader field of work as the companion of an itinerant preacher. In December, 1842, she was happily married to Rev. Sidney Bumpass, of the North Carolina Conference. This union was entered into after a long acquaintance, and with no undue haste. Indeed, Mr. Bumpass acknowledged that the "first impression," the importance of which we all understand so well, was made while Frances was still a schoolgirl, on the occasion of a school examination. Ah! who that has passed through

the ordeal of a public oral examination (a usual experience in days agone) does not recall the nervous dread and shrinking timidity with which the average pupil faced the examiner—feeling much as a culprit might in facing a judge? But with that clear grasp of mind and even poise of character which are among her distinguishing traits, she answered so clearly and correctly the questions propounded in natural philosophy and chemistry that the scholarly young preacher, acting in the capacity of examiner, received an impression that never faded from his mind, but deepened as the years went by. And now, dear girls, would you like a peep into at least one courtship of fifty years ago? Methinks there is a perfect chorus of assent, for when did a girl ever fail to feel an interest in the vital questions of love and courtship, for "the whole world loves a lover?" Well, you shall have, in confidence, the sweet secret which has come to the writer through the inestimable privilege of long and intimate association in the family. When the young preacher received that "first impression," albeit it was only philosophical and chemical, it proved to be charged with the powerful alchemy of love, and after the lapse of a few years he felt he must put the matter to a test, so Miss Fannie received

from him a token in the form of a Reference Bible, in which there were some innocent-looking little slips of white paper on which were marked certain passages from the Second Epistle of John. On reference to the passages indicated they were found to consist of the following quotations: "The elder unto the elect lady, whom I love in the truth, for the truth's sake, which dwelleth in me;" and "Now I beseech thee, lady, that we love one another;" also "This is love, that we walk after his commandments." This was the first intimation that she had of having awakened an interest in his mind and heart, and at first she did not find a response in her heart to the sentiments thus declared. However, as she pondered them in her heart, the words "for the truth's sake" commended themselves more and more unto her, and gradually she realized that such a life companionship would conduce to her happiness through their very congeniality of religious sentiment.

Now does this seem a little quaint and old-fashioned, and out of line with the modern methods of courtship? Well, if so, just contrast the deep, sweet content and happy companionship of that union based on love to God, as well as on mutual regard, with very many of the unions of these days which, entered upon in

haste, are repented of at leisure, and result in years of unhappiness and disunion, if the unhappy partners do not eventually find themselves suing for a dissolution of their galling bonds in the divorce courts.

At the time of their marriage Mr. Bumpass was stationed in Raleigh. Here his young bride was warmly received by his flock, and entered heartily upon the varied social and religious duties which the Church everywhere feels at liberty to impose upon that long-suffering woman, the pastor's wife. But the duties of the position were in perfect consonance with the young wife's high ideals of an active, useful, Christian life, and she assumed them with heartiness and pleasure. Upon no period of her life does she look back with more pleasant memories than upon the nine years which she spent in the itinerancy, sharing with her noble husband its labors and rewards. During those nine years Mr. Bumpass served successively as pastor Raleigh, Pittsboro, Tar River Circuit, and New Berne. In 1846 he removed to Greensboro, having been appointed presiding elder on the Greensboro District.

Space will not admit, in this brief sketch, of detailed mention of her life at these various places. Suffice it to say that everywhere she bore the same consistent testimony in her "daily walk and

conversation" to the power of divine grace to enable one to perform even the difficult and delicate duties of life with cheerfulness and courage.

The first year of their life in Greensboro was spent within the walls of Greensboro Female College. Mr. Bumpass was a man of progressive ideas, and, being himself possessed of fine intellectual culture, he was especially and deeply interested in the promotion of education. He was among the first in this section to espouse the cause of better educational opportunities for girls, and was a liberal contributor toward the establishment of Greensboro Female College; wherever he went in the discharge of his duties he earnestly recommended girls to avail themselves of the advantages offered by that institution, the second of its kind chartered in the South for the liberal education of girls.

The year of Mrs. Bumpass's residence in college was during the presidency of Rev. Solomon Lea, and while Rev. Bennett T. Blake was steward. She often speaks of the pleasure she derived from mingling with the pupils and teachers in their social and religious life—a pleasure which was kept up even after she had removed from the college to her own home, for she often participated in the college prayer meetings, as well as in gracious

revival seasons with which the inmates of college have been visited from time to time.

Mrs. Bumpass and her husband were among those who helped largely to broaden and deepen the foundations of Methodism in the community in which they had come to live. When they removed to Greensboro the Methodists, a devoted little band, worshiped in a small edifice on South Elm Street, where she was a regular attendant upon the preaching of that grand, good man of God and pioneer of Methodism in this region, Rev. Peter Doub. Here Mrs. Bumpass was active in Christian work, participating with fervent zest in all the spiritual exercises of the Church. Those were the days when that institution peculiar to Methodism, the class meeting, was regarded as an essential means of grace, and the gifts and graces of this devout woman naturally led to her appointment as class leader, a position for which she was eminently fitted, both on account of her intelligence and consecration. Her home was through many years thrown open for these religious meetings, and, indeed, her doors ever stood wide to welcome all that was good; abounding in the grace of hospitality, she made her home the center of refined, Christian influence, and a blessing to all who sojourned

therein. In the midst of this happiness and usefulness there came a heavy cloud of affliction and bereavement to overshadow and envelop in its dark folds this happy home. Rarely has it been the lot of one of God's children to receive such heavy strokes of affliction as came at one time upon this faithful heart. In 1851, while attending Conference at Salisbury, the beloved husband was stricken with typhoid fever, and the anxious wife, divided between the sacred duties of wife and mother, herself scarcely recovered from serious illness, was detained from him by the critical illness of her elder son, Terrelius. After days of anxious watching, the little one "was not, for God took him;" and the sorrowing mother, turning from the new-made mound which covered her darling's form from her sight, and leaving another precious little one in sickness, hastened to the bedside of her husband, reaching him only in time for the sad farewell.

The human heart must have been crushed beneath such a heavy blow, had it not been for the sustaining grace of the Heavenly Father; but the widowed heart clung more closely than ever to that only Refuge in time of trouble. Being tempted in her first crushing grief to feel that God had been with her during her husband's life for his sake, but had

now withdrawn his favor, she cried in her anguish, "I cannot live without my God!" and, falling upon her knees, she poured out her soul in prayer to Him who promises to hear the cry of his suffering children; and soon there came to her heart, like a soft whisper of love, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Satisfied and comforted with this blessed promise, she felt she could still live and discharge life's duties, sustained and guided by her Father's hand.

Returning to her bereaved home, and to her three children still left to claim her loving care, she took up the work which now seemed required at her hands—a work dear to the heart of both her husband and herself. Shortly before his death, Mr. Bumpass, feeling upon his mind the impress of the Spirit, saying unto him, "Write," had begun the publication of a religious paper, *The Weekly Message*, there being at that time no other Methodist paper published in the State. Complying with the earnest request of her husband, and trusting thereby to exert an influence for good, Mrs. Bumpass undertook the work of editing this paper; and for twenty years, with the exception of one year about the close of the civil war, she continued this "labor of love," having from time to time, from various sources, the assurance that she was ac-

complishing good with her pen. In the meantime the publication of the *North Carolina Advocate* had been begun, and Mrs. Bumpass discontinued her paper in 1872.

She now resumed the duties of teaching, conducting in her own home for a number of years a prosperous day school. Teaching was a beloved occupation; and in her day school, as well as in the Sabbath school, she delighted in pointing youthful minds and hearts to God, and in guiding little feet in the way everlasting. In this congenial employment, interrupted only by tender ministrations to the sick and in responding to all claims demanding her help and sympathy, a number of years glided quickly away without noteworthy incident.

In 1878 Providence again led her out into a wider sphere of activity. In May of that year the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Southern Methodist Church was inaugurated by the General Conference, then in session in Atlanta, Ga. Mrs. Bumpass was appointed Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Missionary Society of the North Carolina Conference, and through this office she became a member of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions. The position of Secretary in this Conference Society was held until 1890, when, after

the division of the Conference, she was elected Secretary of the Western North Carolina Conference Society, a position which she still holds.

Mrs. Bumpass is most earnest and zealous in her advocacy of missions, and has ever been devoted and faithful in discharging the obligations devolving on her through her office. For seventeen years she has never failed to fill her place on the Woman's Board, though the meetings have frequently been held at great distance from her home; in the same length of time she has missed only one of the annual meetings of the Conference Society. Her coworkers in the two societies which she has so faithfully served resolved a few years ago to establish a lectureship in the Kansas City Training School as a testimonial of their appreciation of her work, as well as of their affectionate regard for her. This work has been accomplshed, and it is hoped that the "Frances Bumpass Lectureship" shall long serve to perpetuate the name of one whose sacrificing devotion to the cause makes it eminently proper that she should be remembered by such a memorial, having for its object the multiplication of laborers in the vineyard of the Master.

It is related of Mary of old that she took ointment of spikenard, very costly,

and anointed the feet of Jesus; and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment. So a pure and saintly life, like precious "ointment poured forth," sweetens and blesses all who come within the radius of its influence, and is as acceptable to the blessed Savior as was that costly offering made by Mary so long ago. Who that has followed the narrative of this consecrated life from youth to maturity does not see therein the same devotion to our Lord, the same self-sacrificing principle that prompted the breaking of the box of ointment in token of love?

The keynote to which this life has been attuned is love—a strong, never wavering love which feels and recognizes a Father's care in every event of life, thereby engendering such unfaltering trust that the most perfect serenity of mind and heart shines forth from the countenance, illumining the features with a mild and gentle light like the mellow radiance from an alabaster lamp. From the same spirit of love flows the ever-ready sympathy which is so quick to respond in helpful kindness and wise counsel to every burdened heart.

The influence of such a life, who can estimate? No life can be strong, gentle, pure, and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very exist-

ence of that goodness. How vast, then, must be the influence for good emanating from a character in which the purest and loftiest motives prevail over all that is low and earth-born; in which self is forgotten in the greater good of humanity, and the soul rises ever higher and higher on wings of aspiration toward the eternal soul of love!

Mrs. Lucy H. Robertson,
In *College Message*, May, 1896.

THE following sketch of the life of Mrs. Bumpass was found among her papers, in her own handwriting, evidently intended for her immediate family.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

FRANCES MOORE WEBB was born September 26, 1819, in Halifax, Va., of honorable and upright parents. In her childhood they moved to Person County, N. C. There, in the quietness of a country home, and with a number of brothers and sisters, she was trained to habits of industry. "In books and work and healthful play" her earliest years were spent.

She was early impressed with the idea that the ordinary duties of domestic life were not to occupy her time, but that when her school days were ended she should train the minds and instruct the souls of others.

She cannot date her earliest convictions of sin. Daily did her father gather his children at the family altar, read, sing, and pray; and when the preacher came, often did they sit, with eager, grasping minds, to gather whatever of interest might drop from the lips of parents and visiting ministers in conversation around the fireside.

Often troubled with a sense of her sins, Frances sought long by works, instead of by faith, to get access to the rich and free mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Al-

though at times much distressed, it was not until she had entered her fifteenth year that she realized that all she did availed naught, and that unless the Lord came to her relief she was lost. Instantly, on leaving the work to God, peace possessed her soul. She realized that the Lord had done something for her—but was this conversion? The more she prayed and conversed with Christians the better she felt. For years she lived too much by feeling, instead of by faith. When there was light and peace there was confidence, but when the enemy suggested that this change was not genuine conversion doubt and fear disturbed her. She was regular in her devotions, four times daily bowing in silent prayer.

On Sunday afternoon she would gather her brothers and sisters around her to study the Bible, and often she would enter the cabin where her father's servants lived to read to them the Book of books. The colored children on the plantation also shared her care and instruction.

Once, on a sacramental occasion, Frances sat by an older professor and waited to accompany her to the altar until too late, the other not going; and thus she too failed to commemorate the Lord's Supper. Then followed a strong

temptation to relinquish the hope that she had ever been converted, lest it might be a false hope, and to seek until there should be a certainty that she was a child of God. She yielded, thinking she would keep it to herself. Instantly as great darkness shrouded her spiritual horizon as would enshroud this world if the sun were suddenly blotted from the heavens. She knew not how much light her hope in Christ had brought into her soul until this act of unbelief severed the connection between her soul and Christ. Long she wept and prayed, while none but the Omnipresent One knew the misery of her soul. She concluded it was wrong to live as a professed Christian while in such darkness, and requested that her name be erased from the Church roll. Her grieved father, instead of having this done, carried her to a camp meeting. After a struggle, she again bowed at the altar of prayer, and found peace in believing—no ecstacy, but peace. She concluded that this was the kind of religion for her nature, and that she must cultivate the mustard seed.

For several years she taught school, which proved a good discipline, teaching her patience and meekness. At first, amid the worries of the schoolroom, she would feel her face flush with excitement.

Night after night she would repent of this, until she so learned to rely on the grace of God as to teach hour after hour in sweet calmness, whatever the annoyance or need of discipline. Then her work became pleasanter.

At times she so realized the love of God as to think she never could doubt the union of her soul with the Divine; but again, in viewing her imperfections in the light of the Word, and striving to keep her heart right, instead of looking from self to Jesus and depending on him to make and keep her right, she would yield to doubt. At one time, after many precious manifestations of grace had, from time to time, been granted her, she was reading of the richer manifestations to others, and feared she may have stopped short of saving faith, and again she plunged into the vortex of unbelief, not daring for months to look confidently to Jesus. Yet as she sought in deep humiliation his pardoning love, the blessed Savior appeared to her vision, hanging on the cross. Every fear and doubt fled, and she thought: "Surely I can never doubt again." Joyous seasons followed; not, however, free from temptation, but she fought the fight of faith.

The choice reading of Frances was books on experimental religion. By

some of these she was strengthened, by others discouraged, by the comparison of other experiences with her own. Being of a quiet, comparatively even temperament, not demonstrative, the ecstasies and shouts of others led to questionings of herself. Much excitement around her quieted every emotion. She often wondered why.

In December, 1842, Frances was united in marriage to Rev. Sidney D. Bumpass, of the North Carolina Conference, and for about nine years, amid the changes of the itinerancy, spent as happy a time as she was capable of enjoying; having a contented disposition, and all the kindness and attention that one of the most devoted and affectionate of husbands could bestow. Two daughters and two sons were given them.

The first year of this itinerant life was spent happily in Raleigh, amid great kindness from all the people. The young wife was received and treated as a sister.

The next year was spent in Pittsboro. The Raleigh church had been so enlarged and built up by the labors of Mr. Bumpass during the two previous years that it was hoped the Pittsboro church would also be enlarged. A revival was enjoyed, and the membership increased, but not by hundreds, as on the former

station. Pleasant homes were enjoyed among a kind people.

The next year was spent in and near Louisburg, where, as in former stations, the pastor and his companion thought they had the place best for them, just where they should be, amidst pleasant surroundings.

The fourth year Mr. Bumpass was stationed in New Berne; and, as in previous years, happy results to the church followed, and great kindness was shown to the pastor and his family. A serious attack of pneumonia brought Mr. Bumpass near the grave. At the close of that year he told Bishop Capers that he was not able to take an appointment; but the Bishop, who was with him during the Conference, which convened in that place. noticed his daily improvement, and appointed him to the Greensboro District, saying that if he could not preach he could go around and hold the Quarterly Conferences.

When he reached the Piedmont section his health rapidly improved, and he was soon able to preach and attend to all the duties of a presiding elder. He placed his wife and children as boarders in Greensboro Female College, where they could be well cared for until he could make other arrangements. He

soon decided that Greensboro must be his home, and arranged for building.

For four years he traveled the Greensboro District, and was then appointed to the Danville District, which he traveled one year. The long rides on the district enfeebled him, so that he thought he might serve his generation better in another way. He had long contemplated undertaking something that might continue to save souls when his work on earth should be closed—publishing sermons or pamphlets. When traveling he had noticed the great need of a paper to suit the masses, and he thought a weekly message to them from the press would accomplish much. He therefore arranged for the publication of a paper, saying that he would commit the continuance of its publication to his wife if he should be taken.

Near the close of 1851 Mrs. Bumpass was laid very low by a long attack of typhoid fever, during which she was most tenderly nursed by her devoted husband. As she was recovering the Lord manifested his goodness to her, and there glided across the walls of her room a panorama of her past life, in which she saw herself held tenderly by the hand of her Heavenly Father, and once, when she was falling, he stood holding her up.

Such views of his guiding providence were given her that she realized how near he had always been, upholding and leading. This was a tender mercy to prepare her for the great sorrow in her path.

As she recovered Annual Conference met in Salisbury, and her husband, feeble from watching day and night by her sick bed, went to Conference, was caught in a rain, took a chill, and was taken from his buggy to the room assigned him, and was never able to leave it. On the same day two of her children were stricken with fever, and during the night watches by their bed was the sad reflection that others were watching by him.

The eldest son, aged four years and two months, died; and as kind friends bore his remains to the grave Mrs. Bumpass hastened to her husband's bed of death. She watched him about a day and a half before his happy spirit fled to the realms of bliss. He recognized her, and expressed his pleasure at seeing her, but was too weak for conversation.

His remains were brought to Greensboro and laid by those of his little son. How sad the home! How desolate! What a gloom settled over everything earthy! But what a joyful recognition must there have been in heaven when the father was welcomed amid rejoicing an-

gels by the bright little boy he had left a short time previous so playful in his earthly home! How happy they in the smile of the Savior! For nine or ten months the aching void in the widowed heart was such as is known by those only who have experienced a similar bereavement. But as earth looked darker, heaven looked brighter.

In the fall of 1852 Mrs. Bumpass, with her children, was invited to make a visit to Mrs. Mock, a friend who enjoyed that fullness of peace which comes to the soul that rests in Jesus for full salvation. There was also visiting her a minister who rejoiced in that perfect love which casteth out all fear. As they talked of the privilege of claiming the promise and resting on that, a river of peace poured into the stricken heart of Mrs. Bumpass and chased away all sadness. There was a fullness of joy which left no room for sorrow, with the assurance: "I am wholly the Lord's, and he is mine."

From that day she was a happier woman. She would awake with rejoicings. "Jesus all the day long was her joy and her song." She was as quiet and undemonstrative as before; only her tongue was loosened to speak forth praises, and she ever wanted to talk of the goodness of the Lord. She felt, after being thus

blessed, that Jesus was to her all that she needed. Her sense of loneliness had fled. He had become her Husband, Brother, Friend, and satisfied all the wants of her nature, and she has ever found in her covenant-keeping God a readiness to forgive and bless as she had need.

She taught school during the first year after her bereavement. Near the close of 1852 she took charge of the *Weekly Message*, commenced by her husband, and felt assured of the Lord's approval and of his presence. This work she continued until 1872, when there seemed no longer a demand for it.

The paper proved, during its existence, a great blessing, and was instrumental in the conversion and upbuilding of many precious souls; but its editor believed that, like herself, it had only in part accomplished its work—that if she had in all things lived fully up to the light given it might have accomplished much more for the Master. Being troubled lest she had fallen short of privilege and duty, she felt unworthy to be intrusted with any other work in the vineyard. But ere long a prosperous school filled her hands and mind, and she was privileged to train souls for usefulness here and for glory hereafter.

Then, O wondrous privilege! in 1878, she was called to a more extended field of usefulness by being appointed Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the North Carolina Conference. On the division of the Conference, in 1890, she was appointed Corresponding Secretary for the Western North Carolina Conference Society. This appointment took her annually, for nineteen years, to some distant city to attend the deeply interesting and spiritual meetings of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, at which she was much blessed.

Let praises to our God ascend that this society, commenced in timidity, yet with holy courage, has been so blessed of the Lord, so increased in numbers, so multiplied in good works, and so enlarged in its mission fields.

Surely goodness and mercy have followed the writer in all the vicissitudes of life. At times there have been cares and perplexities, but the covenant-keeping God was ever near to guide and to relieve. Often have special answers been given to prayer. The many deliverances thus granted need not here be enumerated, if they could be, for the promise stands, "Whatsoever ye ask," and a blessed realization all may have who rest on His Word.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

February 5, 1852.—My heart delights to dwell on the loved ones removed from earth, though often sadly depressed on account of bereavements. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be his holy name. May the affliction be sanctified to my good! May I learn the lesson which I should, and not suffer so much in vain! May I trust in the Lord, and continue in supplications and prayers night and day! May I be so exercised that these trials may yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness! May the Lord condescend to direct me in all things and to make every path of duty straight and plain! Lord, I desire to be in thy hands.

April 4.—I have been much tempted, perplexed, and discouraged for several days; but kept looking to the Lord for relief, and all praise be given him for his gracious help. He has all power; to him we may look at all times and under all circumstances; he can cast down imaginations and everything that molests and hinders the free course of his love. Whom shall I fear, since he is so gracious?

August 28.—Never before have I felt such an abiding sense of my emptiness and the fullness of Christ, and I rest in him at all times.

August 30.—I was privileged to attend church yesterday, and to speak in class meeting of the great goodness of the Lord to my soul; but, when I ceased to speak, I felt that I had not expressed the half of what I desired to say. May I daily experience more of the fullness, and drink deeper from the wells of salvation! Such sweet peace I enjoy this evening in trusting Christ and relying on him!

September 9.—My soul exults in God, and rejoices with joy unspeakable. I attended a camp meeting where the Lord feasted my soul on the riches of his grace. Glory to my God! He has led me to cast all my care on him who careth for me. I feel no anxious care for the future; I have committed my way unto the Lord, and he will direct my steps. If any disappointments, afflictions, or trials befall me, it will be for my good, to keep his erring child from going astray. It is heaven on earth begun. What shall I do to extend his glorious knowledge? O that all might feast on the riches of his grace!

September 21.—The Lord is precious

to my soul. Our woman's prayer meeting began last Saturday. Six were present. I desired to have the meeting, but felt like shrinking from leading, should many attend; but trusted in the Lord to aid me as I had need. O that I may be useful!

September 30.—I was sent for to attend a young ladies' prayer meeting. I left myself in the hands of the Lord, praying that if it was my duty to speak I might be enabled calmly to do so. I knew that my natural diffidence would prevent me, and that, unless assisted, I should be too much agitated to profit others. I prayed the Lord to assist me this time, and I would endeavor in future always to look to him for strength to do what I could not do by nature. Praise be to his name that he heard the prayer of his feeble servant, and enabled me with confidence and ease—yea, with joy—to speak of his goodness and invite others to trust in the Lord. I opened my mouth, and it was filled. O that I may never shrink from duty. Can I ever doubt the goodness of my Heavenly Father? Surely none ever trusted in vain.

October 22.—When school closed I sought retirement, that I might examine and pray and learn if my heart had departed from the Lord, so as to sin amidst

the perplexities and temptations of this week. A servant has been very trying, but may this work for my good! May the Lord lead me, and may I teach by meek example and learn to govern aright! Seal me unto the day of redemption.

November 16.—I have been praying the Lord to direct me what to do with the *Message* [the religious paper edited by Mr. Bumpass]—whether to attend to it myself or give it up to others. It seemed clear that I ought to offer it to the Conference. The members did not think best to adopt it, and it seems providentially left in my hands a second time. It does not more than pay expenses, and friends think the prospect gloomy; but He has all hearts in His hands, and can prosper. It does seem that I ought to take charge of it. I fear I should do wrong not to do so. I believe He will make my efforts succeed. I awoke one morning with this passage impressed on my mind: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you." One trial had succeeded another until it sometimes seemed that my faith would almost fail. Was not this preparation for future work? If the Lord be for me, who can be against me?

November 16.—I felt disappointed

about an opportunity I thought would be for my spiritual good; went to the Lord and found it far better, and rejoiced in the disappointment. Do with me as thou wilt.

March 4, 1853.—I commenced editing the paper amid discouragements from without, but with comfort and confidence within. At first I felt almost alone, with none but the Lord on my side. I have been conducting it for several months, and, praise be to the Lord! he gives it favor in the eyes of the people. Subscribers increase almost daily. The Lord helps me and strengthens my weakness. I am his, and he is mine. May he do with me and the paper as he knoweth is best! He makes all things work together for my good. Although I have difficulties, I am learning lessons in the school of grace.

December 31.—Another year's mercies are closing, for another year's goodness to commence. Much might I record of the goodness of the Lord, especially of his great mercy shown in banishing doubts of my spiritual state, in enabling me to enjoy that love which casts out all fear. His comforts increasingly delight my soul. He enables me to love those who most oppose me. Lead me, O Lord, through whatever tri-

als thou seest best; only do thou be with me, and all shall be well.

January 29, 1854.—Friends have arisen for the *Message* at the time needed. The Lord is good, and, whatever opposers may say, may faith mount cheeringly above all and rejoice in the will of the Lord, whether prosperous or adverse! May his love continually fill my soul!

March 10.—Much tempted. Felt that my only hope was in His sweet word of promise that He would not forsake those who trusted in Him, and would keep them in perfect peace whose minds were stayed on Him. The tempter fled as I trusted.

August. — Through encouragements from above and discouragements below the Lord has gently led me on and cleared my way, enabling me to glorify his name by attending to the beloved employment left me by my dear husband. He has blessed me in the work.

September.—While I was disposed to shrink from the cross my path was doubtful; when I became willing to do anything the Lord required the path was made plain. How sweet to go at the bidding of the Spirit!

December 31, 1889.—Unnumbered and great have been the mercies of the year. Besides home and social enjoy-

ments, unusual religious privileges have been given. A sweet commingling with the sisters of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions at Little Rock, then two series of revival services, our annual missionary meeting, and our Annual Conference—each occasion was owned and blessed of God. A year of blessings, after which there should be much good fruit. What can I do for Him who has done so much for me? I have mingled with the beloved branches of my family, and close the year in comparative health. This morning a fearfulness came over me, and my thoughts turned to absent loved ones. I called upon the Lord, and felt there was help in him. At different times, when absent members of my family have needed divine help, my soul has been drawn out in prayer for them, and afterwards I have learned of their spiritual need.

January 1, 1880.—For nearly seventy years I have had cause for thanksgiving and praise, never for complaint or distrust of my Father's love; yet abundant cause for penitence, humiliation, and confession. How wondrous, thou God of love, has been thy tender compassion toward thy unworthy child. "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places," and I will praise thee, O God. I will look for

fullness of joy as I pass through the infirmities of age. My children are blessed of God. May my grandchildren inherit the promises! For thirty-eight years my husband and son have been enjoying the bliss of the redeemed; and it cannot be long until I, another redeemed sinner. may join in the everlasting song of praise and glory unto Him who redeemed us from all iniquity. May my last days be my holiest and most useful!

January 2.—This morning I awoke before day with heart burdened for one I love. I committed all to God, and was lightened. I rejoiced that it is good to leave all to God. I have to-day seen two anxious ones to comfort with the same comfort with which I was comforted.

January 10.—An old family servant has been very anxious lest she should lose her home, as there is a mortgage on it and it is advertised for sale. I have been committing it to the Lord and advising her to have wise counsel, and was impressed with the words: "I have laid help upon One who is mighty." To-day I learn that two small lots of hers near the house sold for enough to cover the debt. A striking Providence this to the faithful laborer, as the crisis occurs just as land has risen in value.

February 20.—I still record the loving kindness of my God. *La grippe* prostrated me; but the Lord raised me up, and by his mercy I am now in health and activity. I have received many favors and kind attentions, for which I give thanks. I have enjoyed the privilege of having two ministers call and bow in prayer, besides pleasant intercourse with other Christian friends. As our pastor pleaded for the Holy Spirit, the question arose in my mind: "Why is not more of His power realized when He has so often promised and is so often entreated?" The reason must be that there is some carnality lurking within which hinders His operations; and these remains of the carnal mind must be attributed to a deficiency of faith or failure to live in a state of full consecration. All must be yielded, with full reliance on the all-cleansing blood of Christ, and, when cleansed within, the power of the Spirit is unlimited. O for this fullness of power!

March 31.—Another month of mercies, with its cares to cast on the Lord and the privilege of finding him ever near to relieve. How good to know that he has power over all hearts, and, if our ways please him, he can turn any heart to loving-kindness.

April 8.—Whither shall my footsteps tend the best to glorify God? I await thy guidance, kind Father. Thou hast promised to instruct and teach me in the way I should go. Let me clearly discern the guidance of thine eye.

June 19.—Since my last record I have been to St. Louis to General Conference and to attend the meeting of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions. I have received unnumbered mercies, health, kind entertainment, and loving attentions. How sweet the love of friends! Yet the presence, love, and guidance of the God of love is infinitely more precious. If trials come, let the memory of these brighten the pathway! Jesus is ever near.

January 1, 1885.—"Watchman, what of the night?" "The morning cometh." (Isa. xxi. 11, 12.) The morning cometh to the child of God. It is "not by works of righteousness that we are saved." Great is the privilege of having Christ Jesus for "our righteousness" and having his "Peace be unto you." May my life hereafter be one song of thanksgiving for the innumerable favors, temporal and spiritual, bestowed on an unprofitable servant, an unworthy child! Mercy and peace to me is given. A minister and his wife and other pleasant friends

came this afternoon. It was specially refreshing, as for two Sundays I have not had Christian fellowship at church, being housed by the weather. The minister was just from a new neighbor's, and related interesting events connected with her life. She had superintended a Sunday school for twelve years, and when she moved away a man addicted to strong drink was elected superintendent. He met with the scholars and talked to them about being good. He heard a boy back of him say: "Why don't *you* do better?" These words struck him as an arrow, and he was convicted. Not long after, our minister was traveling near the home of the new Sunday school superintendent, and a brother said to him: "There is a drunkard near; let's go and stay a night with him." They went and prayed. The next morning the man proposed to go with the minister to his quarterly meeting. They went, came back, and again he wished to go with him to talk about his soul. They rode together for some time, when he surrendered himself to God, and afterwards became a very active, zealous Christian, gained much influence, and did much good.

January 3.—"He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread." (Prov. xii. 11.) Found it good to-day to take

fresh hold of God's word and stand on his promises. On Thee my soul shall rest. My eyes are too weak to read or sew much; I write with closed eyes. Find it good to trust my loving Father for all needed temporal and spiritual good. Spent the day alone, mostly, busy in various ways. How good to be in health!

January 8.—One who is not a Christian has spent some days with me. My great concern has been for him to be good. I committed him to the Lord, and feel encouraged, and have faith to lay him on His loving breast and leave him thus, not, Thomaslike, waiting to see ere I believe. Whatever is asked in faith, believing, is received. This afternoon had a severe storm of wind, rain, thunder, and lightning.

January 16.—Great is the satisfaction of rejoicing in the righteousness which is by faith in Christ as we look away from unworthy self and feel that Jesus is near and know that we are his.

January 23.—"Jesus, only Jesus." He is our peace, and hath made us both one and broken down the middle wall of partition. Praise be to his name! "Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, which before the cross I spend." What a privilege to lose all sin at the foot of the cross

and rejoice in Jesus for salvation! O that all would receive this Savior, that their song and their joy might be the same!

January 29.—Quietly, serenely, my days are gliding by amid the blessings of a kind Providence, peace, plenty, and friendship—housed, yet not a sufferer. Last Sunday I hoped to meet with the Lord and his people in his house; but in loving-kindness he forbade, and said: "I'll be with thee." Profitably the hours passed in studying God's Word. May the Lord give me words in season to help troubled hearts seeking comfort!

February 4.—How sweet the promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee!" Another Sunday at home; weather cold. Our good pastor favored me with a visit, and offered prayer. How profitable is Christian fellowship! How sweet to realize God is here!

February 5.—The day glides sweetly, made up of peace and rest in God. 'Tis good to feel that He is near. Daily I am alone with God, and swiftly the day passes in reading, sewing, writing, etc.

February 12.—Mercies every hour new. How good to look away from self and fix the mind on Jesus and his atoning sacrifice! 'Tis here I rest in his wondrous love, and find a bliss which noth-

ing earthly gives or can destroy. When tempted and tried it is good to find a resting place and leave all to God.

February 13.—"Thou art the sea of love" so often is running in my mind; and this morning is given me such a sweet realization that all is on the altar, Christ Jesus, and he accepts the offering, as he promises. What more could I ask for myself but a full anointing for usefulness? Low I would lie at the feet of Jesus, and say: "Do with me as thou seest best; thou dost love me too well to afflict me. If thou seest trials best, thy grace all-sufficient shall be my supply. I've nothing to fear with thee for my God and Guide. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name.'"

February 16.—An unusually severe winter; snowing every few days, one snow on another, and very cold. How good is our Father to provide all things needful for us, physically and spiritually! Redeemed from the curse of the law for our past transgressions, so that, being in Christ Jesus, and led by the Spirit, we are freed from condemnation. Praise the Lord!

February 19.—"Put on the whole armor of God." This is my text for today. I'll watch and trust for victory

through Christ. I feel his peace within. His atonement is sufficient. "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

February 22.—"The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places." What more could I ask of earthly good? What more than is provided of spiritual? I present myself to be accepted. Ask, and receive all things needful. 'Tis good to rest in Jesus. I was long wakeful last night. When I thought, "He giveth his beloved sleep," I asked as oft before, and sweet sleep came. Praise the Lord! How sweet to leave all to God; to know he gives what is best, and depend on him for all needed grace, purifying, keeping! Jesus, my trust, my way! The soul is safe for time and eternity, resting on the atonement, sufficiency for pardon and sanctification in him.

March 6.—Calendar verse for to-day: "If any man serve me, let him follow me." How great the privilege to follow one who is all light, love, and wisdom! How good to know that He so loves as ever to choose what is best for us! How good to ask each day, "What wouldst thou have me do?" to have the will submissive, and sweetly follow on as He leads! That is heaven begun on earth. In the heart of man what worry, what

anxiety, what care, what perplexities, what fears of every kind!—why is this? Ah, because all do not realize that a God of love has this world in hand, and none are subject to mere chance, for he holds the reins of government and guides safely all who will be led. A friend, last evening, spoke of the long resistance of one who was called to the ministry, and the final yielding and happiness following. How wonderful the long-suffering of God to his doubting, shrinking, and oft-rebellious children! Surely he is a God of love and mercy. What a mercy that he calls us to do anything for him, when he could speak and it would be done!

March 8.—A writer expresses a wish that in Israel some giant would arise to banish the questions so disturbing about being wholly sanctified and the "second blessing." Did not an all-wise Teacher arise eighteen hundred and ninety-five years ago who taught as plainly as words and example can teach? What more can we ask than grace to take him at his word and rest on that? Jesus says: "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness: *for they shall be filled;*" "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect;" "Ask and ye shall receive;" "All things whatsoever ye ask in faith, ye shall receive;"

"My grace is sufficient for you." What more could he say?

March 16.—When Moses, the highly favored servant of God, was called to appear before God with Aaron, Nadab, Abihu, and seventy elders of Israel in the mount, he first built an altar upon the hill and offered burnt offerings and peace offerings, read the book of the covenant, and sprinkled the blood of the covenant on the people. They were then ready to be in communion with God. They saw something of his glory, and did eat and drink; and, while apparently so near, it is stated that they worshiped God afar off. Then Moses went up into the mount to be with God, yet but dimly beholding his glory, for the mount on which he stood was encompassed with a cloud six days, which was doubtless needed to prepare him for the greater glory to be revealed; and God called Moses out of the cloud, and he went up into the midst of the cloud. What a privilege! What bliss to be there with God forty days, growing more and more like him, and being prepared for his trying work of leading with so much meekness and patience the oft-rebellious Israelites for forty years in the wilderness! Each laborer in the vineyard needs to heed the command of the risen Savior and tarry

until endued with power. A neglect of this leads to failure. As without this we can do nothing, we should carefully prepare our hearts and minds, that we may be ready for the descent of His power.

March 20.—"Kept by the power of God unto salvation." Consoling truth that we are kept, for we cannot keep ourselves. We are to present our bodies; and, laid on the altar—Christ Jesus—they are kept holy. It is *by* faith, and according *to* faith. If the reliance is not entire, the soul is not complete in Christ. There must be faith in the promise: "I will receive you."

August 22.—Interesting events since my last record here. I have been privileged to attend the seventeenth meeting of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions in Meridian, Miss., amidst many favors of friendship and a merciful Father. Although feeble, I was at the annual meeting of our Conference Society at Reidsville. A good meeting, a cordial reception.

August 24.—Great peace possesses my soul from day to day. I am resting in Jesus, and looking to him to rule me and mine.

September 5.—Visited eight families today. I found it pleasant to mingle with the sisters, and I trust it was to the glory

of God. How good to cast all our care on Him who careth for us!

September 15.—Our good pastor has been well instructing us in the ways of usefulness and paths of duty. I have been praying for more, and was glad yesterday when he preached clearly on Christian perfection, teaching that Jesus can keep from sin the soul that is trusting in him. "Teach me thy ways, O God." "Bow my whole soul to thy commands." "Make every path of duty plain." "Deliver me from all evil." If this cup of self-denial and sacrifice may not pass, not my will, but Thine, with the promised sufficiency of grace.

September 25.—Unnumbered mercies and comforts are given. I am not strong, but hearty and active.

September 26. — To-day seventy-six years of age. The verse on my calendar for the day is: "Thou art my hiding place, thou shalt preserve me from trouble." How sweet to rest on the promises of a loving Father! The morning lesson was forbidding care for the morrow.

> "If our faith were but more simple,
> We should take him at his word;
> And our lives would be all sunshine
> In the sweetness of our Lord."

Only by leaving our failures to be covered by the atonement and looking

away to His mercy and love can we rejoice evermore. How can we doubt the God of love and mercy? Forgive, we pray. Let everything that hath breath praise Him.

February 25, 1896.—How good to submit ignorant, short-sighted self, with all its plans to the God of wisdom, thus leaving all. What when first presented seemed a duty, appeared most objectionable, is made acceptable, though a cross—yea, to some extent, desirable. The privilege is great of laying all on the altar, Christ Jesus, with the knowledge that the altar sanctifies the gift, and that if in anything we be otherwise minded God reveals it to us, so that we may take God at his word and reckon ourselves dead to sin, through Jesus Christ, and realize the truth of his promise: "I will receive you."

January 23, 1897.—How cheering the knowledge that the God of love rules the children of men and is especially mindful of his trustful ones. The past few months have required especial trust. Yet I praise the Lord for his sufficiency of grace, which has kept my heart stayed on him in great peace, and for the knowledge that all things work together for good to them that love God. O that all would praise the Lord for his goodness!

January 24.—It is good to remember

the words of our Lord, "Be ready," for we know not how suddenly he may come.

May.—What a lovely evening! All creation around in the natural world, as it arises to new life, seems emblematic of the resurrection. How cheering to the old, the afflicted, to know it is but a little while and we shall arise in newness of life and enjoy a glad resurrection morn! Now we can do little—feel almost useless, only resting, and trying to live as best we can, chatting and looking around, trying to speak some words in season to a child or some one who is ready to hear, waiting, longing for immortality. Father, help us to wait patiently and do something for thee. Thou canst use and let us rest. Thy will be done. Thou canst work in love with us, not afflicting willingly. May we rejoice in thy love, and not grieve because we feel so useless, but learn to live one minute at a time and leave the future to thee.

October 13.—While others speak the praises of the Lord in the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, being too feeble to go, I pen a little in my room. With the right use of physical and mental powers, and all things needful for life and godliness, I praise the Lord for his goodness to me and mine. To-day a good

sister enjoying the peace which passeth understanding, the love which worketh for the Master, came in. How sweet the fellowship as we talked of the sweet satisfaction of God's grace! This evening one of God's dear children poured forth her heart's grief, and asked my prayers. Her family trials are sore. Lord, help her. Thou wilt.

October 14.—A sister who has long served God heartily and has had severe afflictions, called this evening, and it was a privilege to talk with her of God's kind dealings and tender providences.

October 15.—Often waked last night, free from pain and cough; and it was good, in reviewing the past, to know "there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ."

November 2.—The clay tenement totters as rheumatism reaches different parts of the "earthly tabernacle," causing a tired rather than a painful sensation. My Savior, the command is: "Be ye also ready." I look to thee to search me, show me if aught is lacking, and prepare me fully for thyself. My trust is in thy work in me, as thou art "the Light, the Truth, the Way." My hope, my confidence is in thy work, not mine.

November 15.—Yesterday evening our pastor came to my room with a few sis-

ters and administered the sacrament. It was a privileged occasion to thus commune in sweet Christian fellowship, after being kept long from church.

November 22.—A goodly number of sisters met in my room to hold the first of a series of daily prayer meetings for the Week of Prayer. The God of love met with us, and there was much prayer and weeping and rejoicing, and we were encouraged to appoint a weekly prayer meeting. May our God make these meetings a power for good!

January, 1898.—Enfeebled by rheumatism. May I glorify God in the fires, and obtain the "exceeding weight of glory!" My prayer has been for usefulness. It may be answered by affliction.

January 20.—Stiff and weak in knees; restless oft at night; yet amid mercies of all needed good. Weekly prayer meetings in my room refreshing. May a baptism of power not be hindered by a lack of consecration!

January 31.—Last Monday my eyes fell on the verse closing, "How shall he not with him freely give us all things," and I trusted for all needed good for the week. It was filled with loving-kindness from the Lord of mercy and from his children. Choice spiritual visitors came, and a goodly number met with us in our

weekly prayer meeting. I am still afflicted with rheumatism and depending on God to heal or to sanctify for good.

February.—My mind dwells this morning on the meeting of the Board, four months hence, with thoughts of once more mingling with the sisters; but I may cross over ere that time. My trust is in Jesus to cleanse and keep from spot. How clear the way when faith relies on him alone! Yet, how misty, when I try to get myself ready! How good to depend on God to work it all right! What comfort and mercy he bestows!

April 22.—Still stiff; rest better at night; hope soon to be out at Board meeting. Resting in the Lord, waiting with patience his will. O for grace to do his will in all things!

SKETCH BY A FRIEND.

The following sketch of the last years of Mrs. Bumpass is added by one who, being closely associated with her, knew intimately her home life:

In the winter of 1881 Mrs. Bumpass was brought very near the grave by pneumonia. God was merciful and raised her up, and those who loved her felt that her life had been prolonged for their "furtherance and joy of faith." Each added day of her life proved a benediction to all who came within the circle of her influence and to the many who received the blessing of her prayers.

She had an ardent love for souls, and that fervent zeal for the Master which led her to breathe a prayer for and to speak some words which showed an interest in the soul of every one with whom she came in contact. The weary agent who called at her door did not leave without a word of cheer; the child was tenderly told of the love of the All-Father; the errand boy and the marketman heard some inquiry as to the welfare of his soul. The beggar never left without some substantial aid, always accompanied by the greater gift of sympathy and a kindly in-

terest in his spiritual welfare. Even the tramp who received food from her hand received with it a gentle reminder of the proffered Bread of Life, and more than once has some youthful wanderer given her a promise that he would return to his father's house and walk in the better way.

Not only in spiritual but in temporal things did she feel that every opportunity to do a kindness for another was a privilege to herself; so that by a hand always ready for service, as well as by tender sympathy, loving prayer, and wise advice, she proved to be indeed "a succorer of many."

Her cheerful spirit, loving smile, and warm sympathy made her especially attractive to the young, and many a joy was made brighter for them because she shared it and many a heartache was relieved by her loving touch.

A friend, when writing to a member of her family, said: "I was present once when some gay young people at the table were discussing races and other things of the world. Your mother listened awhile, making a few quiet, pleasant remarks; then, in her own sweet way, she turned the conversation to a more profitable theme. I never knew how it was done, her tact was so winning; but in a short time those young people were lis-

tening to her with rapt attention. After dinner one young man followed her to the parlor to continue the conversation. I noticed at other times, among the young and thoughtless, that she turned the light conversation to their future interest, and they would seem interested and surprised, as if the theme were new. They seemed to be deeply impressed. She used so much tact that she never gave offense, a gift that I have never seen equaled."

During all the days of her life His Word was the man of her counsel, for she early learned to carry everything to God in prayer and supplication, thus receiving the fulfillment of the promise: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Often persons in difficulties and perplexities sought help through her enlightened judgment, and those in sorrow or in spiritual darkness went to her home for prayer and for a renewal of their faith.

Thus it was that, although for the last seventeen years of her life she was feeble in body and during the winter months was kept almost constantly within the precincts of her own home, her life was constantly an inspiration and a benediction, its influence radiating wherever her name was known.

In the summer of 1897 Mrs. Bumpass was feebler than usual, and when

autumn came she was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism. Throughout the winter she was so cheerful and bright that few thought of her as a constant sufferer. She still made her life a blessing to others by every tender ministry which lay in her power. She continued to write, chiefly in connection with the missionary cause, which lay nearest her heart, until she could no longer hold pen or pencil. The Bible was still her constant companion; but one April day she laid down the precious volume, saying, with a sweet, patient smile: "Even this has grown too heavy for my hands."

In November, when the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society observed the Week of Prayer, its first service—one of peculiar sweetness and power—was held at the home of Mrs. Bumpass. This was followed by weekly prayer meetings through the winter. Mrs. John R. Brooks, writing for the *Woman's Missionary Advocate,* said:

"As Mrs. Bumpass has been unable to attend church for some months, several of her friends and neighbors, at her request, meet at her home every Friday afternoon for a service of prayer, to take counsel of one who has been a 'succorer of many,' and who, despite her bodily afflictions, is the same bright, joyous Christian whose life has been an inspira-

tion to all who know her. I wish your readers could see her as we do, reclining in her easy-chair. A sweet spirit of calm trust and patient waiting that comes from a life 'hid with Christ in God' seems to hover about her like a halo of heavenly light. There is never a word of complaint—no doubts, no clouds obscuring the promise of a Comforter, whom we feel abides with her continually."

At one of the services earnest prayer was made that the precious life should be spared until after the meeting of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, which would convene in Greensboro in June. After bidding her guests good-by, she said, in a cheerful tone: "I did not join in that prayer." With surprise she was questioned why she did not ask for life. "Because I wish the Lord's will to be done," was the characteristic reply.

However, her heart went out after the expected and beloved guests, and she thought of and planned for their coming, trying in the sunshine of the early spring days to gain strength to meet the Board. But disease tightened its chains until she said she felt her earthly tabernacle failing, and, while life was very pleasant, it would be sweet to die. There was no murmur. "It is all for some good," was the reiterated reply to those who grieved at her sufferings. She quoted Romans

viii. 18 and 2 Corinthians iv. 17, dwelling on the "exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

On Sunday, May 8, 1898, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. In life the soul of our dear one impressed itself with an unusual degree of spirituality on her pure face. After death the "light that never was on land or sea" irradiated the sleeping countenance. It was a signal light from the other shore, and we knew that our saint had been translated, that He who made the seven stars and Orion had for her turned the shadow of death into the morning of eternal life. (Amos v. 8.)

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now.
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod
His seal was on my brow.

Dust, to thy narrow house beneath;
Soul, to thy place on high,
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

Her funeral service was conducted at West Market Street Church on Monday afternoon by Rev. S. H. Hilliard, who came to render this last tribute of honor and love to her whom he had learned to appreciate so fully during his pastorate in Greensboro a few years ago. His tender and beautiful remarks were based on the text, "She hath been a succorer of many, and of myself also;" and there

were few in that large audience that did not feel that dear "Aunt Bumpass" had indeed been a helper to them by her prayers, her influence, and, in many cases, her words of counsel and cheer.

At the close of the tender and impressive service a long train of sorrowing friends followed her remains to Green Hill Cemetery, where we left her beneath the flower-heaped mound, under the soft blue sky of May, to await that glorious resurrection morn which shall give to her and "all who love His appearing" the full fruition of an unfaltering faith.

TRIBUTE OF MRS. BROOKS.

For nearly twenty years there has been in attendance at the annual meetings of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies in our State, a sweet-faced, modest, motherly little woman, spare built, and frail in appearance. And, although the bright brown eyes could sparkle with intelligent interest, the expression of the face was all peace and serenity. Her voice was seldom heard in the discussions; but, just as the silent forces of nature accomplish the most in carrying out the laws that govern this grand world of ours, just so this modest, gentle woman, with the mighty forces of prayer and faith, did a work for her Master the magnitude of which eternity alone can reveal. Such was our sainted Frances M. Bumpass, in memory of whom we are met this evening.

Mrs. Bumpass was born September 26, 1819, in Mecklenburg County, Va., the daughter of Isaac and Harriet Webb. They, however, early in life removed to Person County, N. C., where her childhood was spent.

Reared under the kindliest of Christian influences, with a mind early trained to receive such instruction as would best fit

her for the important duties of life, she bloomed into womanhood, retaining throughout her long life that forgetfulness of self, that modesty, that was one of her chief characteristics. "Grace was in all her steps; heaven in her eye; in every gesture dignity and love."

Happily married in 1842 to Rev. Sidney B. Bumpass, of the North Carolina Conference, she took upon herself joyfully all the joys and sorrows, all the lights and shadows of an itinerant preacher's life.

For nine years she walked by the side of her noble husband, a helpmeet indeed, proving herself a blessing to the people wherever their lot was cast.

But the crucial test that was to bring out the true gold of her character was now to be applied. Just recovering from a severe attack of illness, a child very sick, and a dear little boy of two years still in death, the message came from Salisbury, where the session of the North Carolina Conference was being held: "Come quickly; your husband is very ill." Turning from the open grave of her darling boy, she was conveyed as rapidly as possible to the bedside of her dying husband, in time to catch only a look of recognition, when, borne by angels, he was carried to the "better land" to await her coming.

But the true gold of her character came out of this crucible, shining brighter as the years went by. Years of toil and care, of struggle to educate her children amid the many trials, privations, and responsibilities that for many years attended her, no murmur against her Heavenly Father was ever heard. With perfect obedience to His will, and child-like trust, she yielded herself to her Father's care, to be guided and directed by him. Through "faith's sheltering bars" she could look on each to-morrow, feeling sure it was all for the best, "whether joy or sorrow."

In addition to the many burdens devolving upon her by the death of her husband, she edited a weekly paper called the *Message*, the only one then published by the Methodist Church in North Carolina.

But God had other work for his handmaiden to do; and when, in 1878, he moved the hearts of the women of Southern Methodism to organize the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, she was called to fill the office of Corresponding Secretary of the North Carolina Conference Society, which office she held until the division of the Conference, in 1890, when she was called to fill the same office in the Western North Carolina Conference Society, which office she held until her death.

For nearly twenty years she had been a regular attendant at every meeting of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions.

Never a very strong woman physically, her friends often thought the long trips to the Board too perilous an undertaking for her. To those who would seek to detain her she would reply: "I am waiting to know what is my Father's will." And, however feeble she might be in body, when he said "Go" she went, trusting him to keep her, and the trust was never misplaced. She evinced the same spirit as our founder of Methodism, of whom it was said that when his brother Charles once remarked, "Brother, if the Lord would give me wings, I would fly," our leader responded, "If the Lord were to tell me, brother Charles, to fly, I would do it, trusting him to give the wings."

To look into the face of this sainted woman, around which a halo of peace seemed always to rest, was like looking upon one of our sun-kissed mountains. At its feet the clouds may roll, the waves and billows dash themselves in storm-driven fury, but unmoved it stands, turned heavenward, while the sunshine of heaven rests upon it in a beauty not of earth. And as you gaze upon it what a feeling of rest, of undisturbed repose, comes over you! Just so it was to those

whose happy privilege it was to look upon the face of our "Aunt Bumpass." The thoughtless schoolgirl felt it; the young men, "caring for none of these things;" while the man of business, traveling with her, said, "I have seen a woman whose face was like an angel's." A stranger, on seeing her for the first time, said: "And Moses wist not that his face shone."

For seven months or more she was confined to the house, much of the time to her room, with a very painful attack of rheumatism. She told her loved ones who ministered unceasingly at her bedside that she did not wish them to have any sign of mourning after her death, either on their persons, in the house, or church. "Let it all be bright and joyous," she would say. And, like our mother in Methodism, she would exclaim: "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a song of praise to God!" She too could say,

"Sunset and evening star and one clear light for me,
Let there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea."

For well she knew she would

"Meet her Pilot face to face
When she had crossed the bar."

Just as the sun reached the meridian of its splendor on a typical Sunday in

May a bright convoy of angels hovered for a while over that home, the "abode of peace," and swiftly bore to heaven's pearly gates the soul of God's trusting, tried, and patient saint, Frances Bumpass. And we, on whose hearts a burden of grief at her loss has fallen, would lift the veil that hides that heavenly world from ours, and catch a glimpse of her as "passing through the amber air she caught its glowing dust upon her, and was changed, the livid to the radiant."

Could we call her back to earth again? We cannot call her "dead," for we hear a voice from heaven saying: "Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

"Our old saints are gathering home;
One by one they pass away;
Every year we're losing some,
Yet we would not bid them stay.
Sin and sorrow left behind,
Joy and gladness all before;
This each sainted soul shall find
When they reach the better shore.
O, the glad reunions there!
O, the songs that never cease!
Happy saints are gathering where
Naught can mar the perfect peace."

TRIBUTES FROM SOCIETIES.

IMMEDIATELY after the news was received in Nashville that Mrs. Bumpass had passed away from the sight of those who loved her, the local committee of the Woman's Board held a meeting that resulted in the following action:

"A sweeter, gentler spirit than dear Sister F. M. Bumpass never 'fell on sleep.' For twenty years she was connected with the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of our Church. To see her at the annual meetings was an inspiration, and the sure fact that daily her prayers for the success of the cause of missions went up to God strengthened many whose fears pointed to failure, though their efforts and hopes were for success.

"Our sainted sister and friend has passed into the unseen and heavenly, where she finds 'faith lost in sight,' and 'hope in full fruition.' The fitting, beautiful May time witnessed her translation, and only thanksgiving for her exaltation fills our hearts. We shall miss her sadly—miss the gentle presence, the loving heart, always a benediction at the gatherings for the Lord's work; but we shall one day join her in the kingdom above, where she is forever with her Lord.

"*Resolved:* 1. That the cause she loved and to which she gave her prayers and efforts, shall continue the object of our lives, the highest motive of our loving efforts, until the establishment of the Redeemer's kingdom in all lands.

"2. That, like the incense of sweet spices, her memory will be ever fragrant, her useful life ever like the Rose of Sharon in beauty.

"3. That the above be spread upon the records of the Board, and a copy sent to her bereaved family.

MRS. S. C. TRUEHEART. *Sec.;*
MRS. J. D. HAMILTON, *Rec. Sec.;*
MRS. W. G. E. CUNNYNGHAM,
MRS. H. N. MCTYEIRE,
MRS. I. G. JOHN."

Soon after, at the meeting of the Western North Carolina Conference Society, the following resolutions were passed:

"Whereas, since the sad tidings went abroad, on May 8, that our beloved and venerable Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. F. M. Bumpass, had been called from labor to reward, this Conference Foreign Missionary Society has felt deeply bereaved, as by the death of a mother beloved, and desiring as a Society to give this public expression to our deep sense of loss, as well as to our personal love for her who has gone from among us, and

our appreciation of her exalted virtues and beautiful Christian character;

"*Resolved:* 1. That in this, the first annual meeting since our organization that she has not been with us, we miss her gentle presence, her sweet countenance in which beamed the light of love and trust, and her prayers and wise counsels, which were ever a source of strength in our deliberations.

"2. That her holy life and example having ever been a blessed influence in our lives, we will cherish her memory fondly, and ever strive to follow her as she followed Christ, embalming in our hearts her gentle, holy influence, and seeking to embody in our lives the principles by which she ordered her life.

"3. That these resolutions be published in our annual minutes, and that a copy be sent by the Secretary to the bereaved family, with sincere and loving sympathy from this Society.

MRS. L. H. ROBERTSON, *Pres.;*
MRS. JNO. R. BROOKS, *Rec. Sec.;*
MRS. L. W. CRAWFORD, *Cor. Sec.;*
MRS. J. W. ALSPAUGH, *Treas.;*
MRS. J. H. WEAVER."

The auxiliary society of West Market Street Church, in Greensboro, N. C., of which she was a member, manifested their love and esteem as follows:

"The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of West Market Street Church, feeling with profound sorrow the deep bereavement sustained by the death of Mrs. F. M. Bumpass, desire to give some expression to their loving appreciation of her beautiful life and character, as well as to their sense of personal loss in her death. Therefore,

"*Resolved:* 1. That this society, planted by her agency and nurtured by her prayers, having enjoyed for twenty years the privilege of her godly example, is sadly and sorely bereft by her removal. Through all these years in the foreign missionary society and through many more in the Church, she has ever been a help and inspiration to all who came within the sphere of her Christian influence. Ever a source of strength and comfort, she was constantly sought by many in sorrow, doubt, or perplexity, who invariably found that she administered consolation and helped others to find that peace and joy which seemed ever to abide with her.

"2. That the memory of such a life should never fade from our hearts, but should be cherished with fond love and ardent emulation of the virtues which like a halo encircled her brow, that being dead she may yet speak to our hearts and draw us onward and upward by

the magnetism of a pure and holy example.

"3. That we tender our deepest sympathy and love to her family, and pray that the Comforter may impart to them the consolation which she, their loved one, ever found through unfaltering trust in the Father's love.

"4. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the society, that a copy be sent her family, and that they be furnished to the *North Carolina Christian Advocate*, and to the city papers for publication."

There were many other loving tributes to her memory. Among them resolutions were adopted by the society of Centenary Church, in Greensboro, N. C., and by Grace Auxiliary, in Wilmington, N. C. We have not space in this small volume to give all the comments on her beautiful life and character.

The following verses were read at a memorial service held by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention of North Carolina, in loving remembrance of Mrs. F. M. Bumpass:

A mother in Israel has passed away,
We shall see her face no more;
A saintly soul, from its house of clay,
Has escaped to the golden shore.

We shall miss her low, sweet voice in prayer,
And the smile on her placid face,
As the fervent words, through the ambient air,
Rose up to the throne of grace.

But we know she dwells in a happier clime,
In a cloudless land of love;
She has floated beyond the heights sublime,
To the radiant courts above.
Over the shining crystal sea,
Up through the silvery light,
By the stars where many mansions be,
She has taken her heavenly flight.

And now she beholds the city of gold,
Jerusalem, brilliant and fair,
While the beautiful story, the story of old,
Is sung by the angels there.
We follow her track with longing eyes,
Ablaze on the upward road,
A brightening line through the vaulted skies,
That touches the palace of God.

No nobler, sweeter spirit has flown,
None nearer the love divine,
To the home where the Savior claims his own,
Where glories ineffable shine.
She lies in dreamless sleep mid the flowers,
Where the violets exhale their perfume,
Where the willows weep through the golden hours,
And the midsummer roses bloom.

In the bosom of God, in the haven of rest,
Afar from all turmoil and strife,
In the amaranth bowers, immortal above,
She has entered eternal life.
We shall miss her here, but find her there,
When earth and its sorrows have fled,
Like the benediction that comes after prayer
In the land of the deathless dead.

E. D. Hundley.

Date Due

Form 335. 25M—7-38—S

920.7 B941B P 382154

DUKE UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
Mrs. Frances M. Bumpass : autob
920.7 B941B P
D90395222W